

DETROIT PUNK

THE DETROIT PUNK ROCK FANZINE

ISSUE # NINE

Nov/ Dec. 2012



DIY HAS TAKEN OVER, AND NOT FOR THE BETTER: A STATE OF URGENCY FOR THE DETROIT PUNK SCENE

Foreword: This is an article I wrote and published online, and it got a few people talking. One of the main things I wanted to do with this fanzine when I started it was to get people talking who wouldn't otherwise say a word to one another, to bridge gaps of communication between like-minded people, and to help spread the word about the little social scene we have, and if this article did that, I feel it is worth publishing and deserving of reading eyes. - Aunty Social

The #1 problem we have in Detroit, even in front of the separation of cliques, is the overabundance of shows going on. Granted, I do the show schedule, and see pretty much everything that passes through here go on the calendar on my website, but still- there are too many shows, and almost too many bands. One person's band and self-generated show will take away from the attention that another person's band/ show will get, and it all gets fragmented, leading to a day where if one show was condensed down and there were 100 people in a room, there are now 4 shows with 25 people in a room, or sometimes spread even thinner than that. My friend Brian actually went over this in one of the older issues of this zine.

As much as I hate to say it, DIY is about everyone having a chance to be heard, not for everyone to set up a show and expect that they get attention paid to them. What we need now is a merger, a conglomeration, a collective of sorts that handles a lot of the booking here. I see a lot of the booking collectives that go on around the rest of the United States, and they may not all be locked down tight, but they communicate and do their best to bring crowds into one place. The west coast Pyrate Punx, the people that work with Joe Hardcore in Philly/ east Pennsylvania, the Profane Existence Collective, the Southern Florida booking collective... I could go on. It CAN be done, because it has been done before.

The problem we have is that we seem to think that everyone gets to play, and NO, IT FUCKING DOES NOT. Not everyone should get to play. Sometimes, your band fucking sucks and needs to practice more. Don't use a show as your excuse to go to the bar and get free beer. That keeps venues (both DIY and bars) spread thin, in that a DIY venue has one less paying attendee, and a bar has one less paying customer. Just because you can play, doesn't mean you should. Go home and practice, nail your songs down- hell, maybe consider if the song you wrote is truly worth sending out to the masses. Maybe you really weren't cut out for songwriting, and should just be a fan instead. There's no shame in being just a fan. But there is shame in writing god-awful music and expecting a crowd of people to like it.

In all honesty, I'm growing extremely weary of these endless amounts of shows, these under-attended, unnoticed, undercharged shows (yes, undercharged, in that the door price, in my opinion, isn't high enough) that have to compete with your stupid band's show at the bar down the road. I'm obligated to share everything on my calendar, and I do, but this trend has made me reconsider this obligation.

I've always tried to be honest about bands and err on the side of positive, but I think that's going to come to an end. If your band sucks, I will fucking tell you. Stop playing shows, start practicing, stop flooding the social scene I love so dearly with your shitty excuse to get drunk for free. I'm not straight edge, but your fucking alcoholic ass can get fucking bent. The fans are a whole different story that I won't get into. This is about the bands.

This is our social scene that we can make into a genuinely fun, somewhat happy, productive place where a community thrives with all kinds of different people. I'm not giving up, but goddamn it, it gets tempting sometimes.

Poison Planet- Boycott Everything 12” review

Though this EP was previously released on a 7”, it has been re-released on a much cooler format- the 12” EP. One side is screen-printed with a “We Can Fight, We Can Win” quote atop some cool imagery, the quote being from the chorus of the band’s signature song “Boycott Everything”. The 12” also comes with a lyric sheet and an extensive explanation of the band’s philosophy, which after reading made me consider sobriety and vegetarian/ veganism, of which I’m

LIL B - WONTON SOUP SINGLE REVIEW

What can one say about this fabled underground hip-hop artist? He is as nasally as Bob Dylan and his rhymes can be downright bizarre, but the man’s work is intoxicating. The subject matter of the song is unclear, but my senses indicate that it is an ambiguous mix of metaphorical soup and contemporary rap themes. The most noticeable line in the song is directly related to typical valet duties and involuntary infidelity on the narrator’s part. Lil B, who also goes by the name “Based God”, steers his way through a crash course of celebrity name drops and rhymes to make it to the end of his song. While the music is at times an indiscernible mess, it is also undeniably amusing, entertaining, and a song that one can groove to. While I have always preferred chicken noodle or New England clam chowder, perhaps I will give this wonton soup a try. Thank you, Based God!

still in the process of making said decision. For the visually oriented, there is also a 24x36 poster of the band playing. On the music side of the 12” are five pointed, speed driven anarcho hardcore punk attacks on the contemporary capitalist system.

“Liquor Flesh Trade” is about the liquor industry, how it links into establishments that serve it, and how these bars/ taverns/ pubs are creating a breeding ground for predator/ prey battlefields within (with ladies nights and men on their never ending quest to get some tang and whatnot). “Boycott Everything” is a push pit masterpiece, being anthemic, fast, concise, and poetic, all at the same time. It’s the band’s signature song, and it’s the center of their philosophy, that being to understand the power a consumer has, which lies in their pocketbook, and to object to the abhorrent actions of companies by refusing to pay for the products they offer. “I Hope You Choke” is a very quick song about the power words can have, even whilst joking, and how it can apply to insulting those already under the scope of oppression. “Border Fences” is another anthemic tune about the border fences in the United States. The first half of the song is the usual fast verse/chorus/verse stuff, then the tempo shifts, slowing just a bit to break it down, so to speak, and the singer goes on about how “We build these walls... and we must tear them down.” He makes an interesting point in the explanations on the lyric sheet, and summarizes his point in those few words- definitely thoughts worth considering. The last song “Tidal Leveling” is a short song with half of it being a build-up (the song is already only around fifty seconds long to begin with). It’s a song about how natural disasters tend to hit hardest and poorest areas of the world, and how such areas are often the last to be taken care of in these cases. Overall, the instrumentation is pretty much high speed 80s hardcore, but the singer is a rare blend of snot, righteous anger, and bulldog hardcore that really sets the band apart from other bands sporting the vegan straight edge. I may not be in 100% agreement with what the band says, but I absolutely believe they have a philosophy that everyone should consider. A very righteous, radical, ripping album.

Interview with Tim "Shagrat" Jenkins

CB: When did you start going to see shows?

What was going on in the 90s?

TJ: I think I first starting to punk shows around '94, and that was at St. Andrew's Hall- major label stuff like Pennywise, Bad Religion, stuff like that. I started going to DIY shows around late '95, '96- the Trumbullplex was doing shows around that time. I met some people, like Jeff Nonsense, who wound up singing in Feast or Famine; he was two or three years older than me, knew about some house shows, did a distro, and I started finding out about a lot of stuff pretty quickly through him and started going to shows with him. Other shows spaces back then... what is the Token Lounge now was Pharaoh's- they did a lot of shows back then, and the record store called the Beat Hotel in Berkley did shows, and carried a lot of punk rock records.

CB: Where was The Beat Hotel at?

TJ: It was in Berkley, on 14 Mile Road somewhere between Rochester and Woodward. Do you know the band Social Scare? (*Editor's note: it was actually on 12 Mile Rd.*)

CB: I'm aware of them, yes.

TJ: They were very popular in the mid-90s. There was a guy, Shawn, who was in that band. He worked there, so he got a lot of records in, and the main focus was ska music, which was weird, but ska was really popular at the time. All sorts of punks, like, kids who were into hardcore, punk rock, a lot of kids got a lot of shit from that store.

CB: Ska was a big thing. I started listening to it right around the same I started listening to punk.

TJ: I was never to into it myself, but it was cool because it crossed over; they'd get Oi!, hardcore, and UK 82 records.

CB: So he was the guy who brought everyone in one place?

TJ: Basically- Noir Leather, too. They used to sell punk shirts, and used to have punks who worked

there.

CB: I know Jason from Social Outcast and Justin from Civil D did, and I'm pretty sure you know Spinny (also known as Jim Moore)...

TJ: Yeah. Benji Moss too. He's a famous tattoo artist in Seattle now. He used to be a crusty that was down with all the guys who worked there. That was the place for young punks. You could go check out the scene in Royal Oak on a Friday or Saturday night, and there'd be a ton of punks out on Main Street. Those are some of the first people and places I started learning about punk from.

CB: Was there any one particular show that just made you go, "I want to be in a band. I want to not just be a show-goer, but a contributor"?

TJ: Pretty much everything I've ever been to. I remember seeing Dystopia, around '97- it was at the Trumbull, on a hot summer night, and it was packed, like, shoulder to shoulder. It was one of the most intense shows I've ever seen. People were just... going crazy- there were people in front that knew the samples to the songs, there were people in tears, just releasing this crazy energy. That show really stands out in my mind as being one of best, most special shows I've ever seen. I don't think they play live anymore.

CB: Dino plays in a band called Ghoul- they're actually very good.

TJ: Right- I like Ghoul. But I think Dystopia pretty much gave up playing live. But that show was actually very cool, that's one that really stands out in my mind, I guess.

CB: How are you connected to the Trumbullplex? Did you find out about it just by going to shows, or did you find out about it in a different way?

TJ: I think the first time I was there was actually for some sort of ARA (Anti-Racist Action) meeting- I don't really know why or how I ended up there, but I

(continued from above) met a few people there, like, Aaron/ Redbeard, and then Jesse Waters, I met there, we started hanging out. I don't really have any connection to anything. In fact, I kinda always thought it was a bit of a mismanaged place, with way too many egos, too many fucking fools running it.

CB: I honestly can't disagree with you on that.

TJ: I don't know- I've just seen a lot of hypocritical things happen there, a lot of lies, you know, people getting ripped off...

CB: I've heard they take 40% of the door, or something like that. I know DIY gets expensive sometimes, but, 40%?

TJ: Yeah. I mean, they've claimed, for over ten years, that they've needed to get their roof fixed. Then generations come and go, and I guess everyone forgets, so it's like the eternal excuse for people to give them money, for their roof, and it's like, fix the fuckin' roof already, Jesus.

CB: And it's not like roofing is terribly difficult.

TJ: It just begins to seem like kind of a scam- like, where's the money going?

CB: I will note that they have had some decent shows there, and that seems to be their one saving grace.

TJ: Without a doubt. With everything I just said, one of the reasons why I feel that way is because it's kind of a special place- it's got a lot of history, and some of the best shows I've ever seen have been there. Some of the best shows I've ever played have been there. They never really cared for hardcore punk. While I think they've always tried to be diplomatic enough, to always kind of try it, I think that it ultimately goes with the pace of who lives there and who's booking. I don't think anyone there is really into like crazy shit happening. Certain bands have a reputation. From what I understand from some people, Shitfucker's banned from there, Anguish is banned from there, I don't know...

CB: Shitfucker's banned from there- really? I thought Alejandra lived there.

TJ: She never lived there- she was just part of the show-booking collective. I don't believe she's involved in that, for various disagreements with other people. It's all politics, that's what I think is so silly about it- it's such a hierarchy. When you claim to be an anarchist collective, and you have one of the most dramatic hierarchies that I've ever seen. No one else goes around formally banning people.

CB: Right- and that very much runs counter to their culture of inclusivity that comes with anarchy.

TJ: It's a thin line, though, isn't it? It's very easy to circle around from the far left to the far right, where all of a sudden, you're reactionary and banning people, you're witch-hunting people, and you're closing off your mind to understanding other peoples' art. That's all it is. They're quite terrified of art, to be honest with you, and quite terrified of things that are not in a PC-friendly zone.

CB: That's why a lot of my friends refuse to go to shows there, and tell me, "I'll get kicked out," or "I can't take that PC stupidity anymore".

TJ: It's hard for me, because I'm not trying to fuck up anybody's shit, but every once in a while, at punk shows, they're chaotic. People are drinking, doing drugs, and releasing this extreme energy that they have pent up inside themselves. They go to work at their shitty jobs every day, and sometimes might go weeks or months and then they can get to a show, get wasted, and just unload all that energy. It's not necessarily malicious; sometimes, in the cathartic release of that, things get a little wild- bottles get broken, shit gets smashed. But I think if you're involved with punk or any form of music, you have to be open to that, especially in this community. You have to realize that it's gonna be a dangerous fuckin' place to be sometimes.

CB: Artists have always been a little different, and you have to be accepting of that difference if you want to be inclusive. Or, you can not be inclusive, and you can have your little clique, like everybody else.

TJ: Yeah. That's what's sad; the opportunity's there for them to be a legendary spot, one that really deals with issues (like Gilman Street) that has a strong collective of people who aren't about the personal cliques or biases; they're about the collective and the good of the scene, and they run it well, they have their shit locked down tight. It's a legendary club where all sorts of bands, from heinous death metal bands to Green Day have played there, and that's what the Trumbull could have been and still could be, if you had the right people running it. But, they just don't.

CB: It's a very tragic thing, where someplace with so much potential just kind of turns into another collective that's more talk than action.

TJ: Yeah.

CB: How did you get the name "Shagrat"?

TJ: Pretty simple answer- when I was younger, I was a really big fan of Tolkien and Lord of the Rings. In the Lord of the Rings, one of the most notable orc names (since orcs aren't really named) is Gorbag and the other is Shagrat. I was really influenced by that when I was younger, and I started writing some graffiti, started doing artwork, and started writing some articles in my friend's zines at the time, and I just kind of wanted a pseudonym, and that's where it came from.

CB: When did you meet the guys in Shitfucker? I know you weren't the first guy in that band.

TJ: I met Dick, Bruce, and Tony, the original members of Shitfucker, when they were pretty young, probably about 15. I was a bit older, well into my 20s at that point. They were in a band called Hue that used to play out at Flipside in Clawson.

At the time, they were just some young kids getting into punk, but unlike most kids their age, they were the kids who wanted to seek out some interesting shit, and they'd ride their bikes out from Berkley, Oak Park, or wherever they lived, and ride down to the ghetto on Klinger Street and party all weekend. In hindsight, deliberately contributing to the delinquency of a minor... We all probably could have been charged with that many times.

CB: So, just lots of weird shit?

TJ: Yeah- it wasn't uncommon for a naked 15-year old Dik-Beat to be running around outside in public in the neighborhood, it was a pretty common occurrence over there.

CB: I've never talked to him much, but he's always seemed like he's just a little out there. For better or worse, he seems like just a bit of a weird dude.

TJ: For whatever reason, those kids were really young, but they could hang, and were genuinely interested in learning about punk and they picked it up pretty fast, and they could hang with a bunch of fuckin' drunkards. He's... he's Dik-Beat, what can I say? He's a real character.

CB: I'll give you that. When was it that you actually decided to join that band?

TJ: I liked them from the first time I saw them. I was really into what they were doing- taking this kind of Feast or Famine raw punk, but then taking all of the crust influence out of it, and almost just doing the straight Discharge D-beat, Shitlickers type stuff, and I was always really into that, so I was like, "Fuck man, these guys." I never really heard a band in Detroit do that before, so I was interested from day one, and eventually, after just hanging out all the time- I don't know who brought it up, but the idea of me playing second guitar for them, adding an even noisier sound, to be more Japanese, like Gloom... We talked about it, and I

(continued from above) was like, “Yeah, let’s do it,” so for a time, we were a four-piece, with Bruce playing guitar, myself playing guitar, Tony on drums, and Dick playing bass and doing vocals. Then, Tony left, because he was in Anguish, and I think he wanted to progress a little more musically; we were really raw noise punk at that point, and Anguish was starting to get a lot more technical, so he left, and Bruce went to playing the drums, and then we were a three piece for a while. Bruce quit the band, for various reasons, and we got Charlie- that’s where we’re at now.

CB: How did Charlie come across the band? Was he one of those guys who was just kinda there, and when you wound up needing a drummer, he just said, “I’ll do it”?

TJ: I’ve known Charlie for years. He was in a band called Random Axe of Terror that were pretty cool with Feast or Famine, another band that was... they were like the Lansing Feast or Famine- they were doing this cool noise raw punk thing out there at the time. Charlie used to be in that band, so we played all the time, and then he and Dick were roommates for a while. When Bruce quit the band, they were still roommates, so it was kind of a natural choice to be like, “Hey, you wanna play drums?”

CB: And that’s how it’s been ever since, pretty much?

TJ: Yup.

CB: Since you’ve been in the band, what has Shitfucker physically released? I know you’ve got a few records, but I don’t know too much about them- I’ve never been able to actually find a physical copy. I’ve looked around; I just never had any luck.

TJ: Yeah, the distribution and presses have always been relatively small. We have three demo tapes: Total Fucking Noise, Human Disorder, and then a rehearsal tape, which has various names.

CB: That’s the one thing I *have* heard, because Brian gave me some of the tracks from it.

TJ: It was a rehearsal tape, but I consider it a demo, because a lot of people ended up getting it. And then we put out (the) I.N.R.I.-F.O.A.D. 7”, which was limited to like 300 copies that we put out ourselves, and then we did the Sexual Maniac 7”, which was 500, that was with Black Shit Noise from Texas.

CB: Yeah, Charlie was just telling me about that- he mentioned that the guy is kind of flaky.

TJ: Yeah, that guy can be kind of hard to get a hold of, as with all underground releases. That’s just kind of the way things are, you know- Shitfucker’s not a band for everybody. People with particular tastes are going to be into it. And then we put out the 12” four-way comp, “Filthiest of Apocalyptic Detroit”.

CB: That was with Perversion, Anguish, and your other band, Reaper.

TJ: Yeah, that release is still, I think, pretty available- you should be able to find that, in distros and stuff.

CB: Tell me a little more about Reaper. I know you guys played out for a little bit, and then stopped for the two years (for the reasons talked about earlier) and you guys just started playing out again.

TJ: Reaper came out of the ashes of a band called Hellstallion, which was Charlie and Jack from Random Axe of Terror, and then they had a different singer- she couldn’t really cut it, I guess- they did some shows where she ended up walking offstage for whatever reason. She didn’t feel she could cut it, and so they were looking for another singer, and I was friends with those guys- I’ve always been into thrash metal, early death metal and stuff, so I was looking for the chance to play in a band like that, and so that’s how that got started. No one was playing metal, so we wanted to a pretty straight metal band. Everyone came out of punk bands, so it had inherent punk influences, but we wanted to do something

(continued from above) different, and then thrash got really big soon after, and there were a lot of new old-school sounding thrash metal bands around, but most of 'em suck.

CB: Many of them do. I've found a few gems in that bunch, but to a large extent, when people try to revive something, it's not nearly as good.

TJ: A lot of it is overproduced- that's the biggest problem with music today- a lot of it is just fucking overproduced. When you think about a lot of old school bands, like Minor Threat, Discharge, GBH, whoever you name... None of these bands sound the same- all of these bands have different recording sounds. Even in metal- from Venom to Slayer to Metallica to Megadeth- all of the records sound different. But now, with Pro-Tools and all this crap, bands just sound the same. You listen to fifteen of these new thrash albums- they all have the exact same production, and you can't tell 'em apart, and that's where the boredom sets in. If you have fifteen bands playing nuanced music with different sounding recordings and different levels of professionalism of recordings, I think I'd be way more into a lot of new music. But because of that fact, I'm just not- I'm not into new metal, new punk, I'm not into new fuckin'... whatever, thrash metal, new crust- a lot of it is just too homogenized sounding and overproduced for myself. I mean, that's my personal tastes, to each their own. I've always liked raw, shitty sounding recordings. I mean, that's... I don't know why, it just is, I like fucking filthy sounding shit.

CB: Right- different strokes for different folks. Why do you think Shitfucker's gotten so much national attention? For whatever reason, you guys seem to be pretty big around the rest of the Midwest, and you've definitely got your fans here too. You guys have a lot of attention that a lot of other bands have not gotten.

TJ: I think it's because we're different- there's not really a lot of bands that sound like Shitfucker. It's something where people that are going to seek out weird and lost forms of music- if they really want to dig deep down into that scum, Shitfucker's waiting there at the bottom. It's weird- it sounds weird, and it recalls things that I think are vaguely familiar to people; G.I.S.M., Hero, Japanese bands like that. But we don't really sound like any of those bands; we really have our own thing going. Plus, I think the image is fuckin' weirdo to people; people don't know what to think of it. If you wear cool studs and spikes, there's always going to be a built-in thing for that, where die-hard people are just gonna be attracted to it. I find it somewhat interesting that you asked me this question, because I don't really see Shitfucker as being a band that's popular nationally.

CB: Well, not so much popular as in MORE popular than some local bands. For example, Hellmouth gets some attention, but I know why. It's because Jay (Navarro) was in Suicide Machines. And (as for) you guys, I don't know.

TJ: And that's what I mean. Hellmouth is an example of a band that I would consider gets a lot of national attention. There's a big gap between the amount of press that a Hellmouth gets than a Shitfucker gets. Like I said, Shitfucker's kind of a unique band- there aren't many people doing it, and I think the real thing that really sticks with people is that it's from the heart. People know it's fucking real, there's no contrived shit, no images or graphics we use are stolen from someone else's ideas, or just, "Hey, let's use more skulls or bombs or bullets," and all that crap. I think we're trying to forge a real new direction, combining new influences, plus we're just all a bunch of weirdoes who get around, meet people- we seem to stick out. When we play at fests, you can definitely tell that people are either really into it or they just fuckin' leave the room. It's the worst shit they've ever seen.

CB: Well, some people get it, and those that don't get it, don't matter.

TJ: Fuck yeah, dude. I think that's what punk's all about- the iconoclasts. Be a fuckin' rule breaker. When things become too status quo, move on to something else. I think with Shitfucker, that's why we changed a bit from being a pure D-beat band into a band that has more metal influences, and just different influences in general, because I think we just got tired, and felt limited; there are so many bands playing that style. It's like, you've got to be creative, and you have to branch out on your own.

CB: Well, when everyone does everything the same, do something different. Regarding your art in Shitfucker, what do you think the future holds? Do you have any future plans regarding releasing stuff, or doing more art for bands?

TJ: Those are kind of two separate questions that I have to handle separately. As far as Shitfucker goes, we're working on a full-length, and I'd say it's probably about 90% written, we probably want to do one more song for it, so hopefully we're going to record that over the summer. When my artwork is involved with bands, like Shitfucker, Acid Witch, or Reaper...

CB: Or Choose Your Poison.

TJ: Well, Choose Your Poison wasn't my band. I wasn't in that band.

CB: I was referring to the art you did for them.

TJ: Oh, right. When I do art for other bands, like Choose Your Poison for example, most of that comes from guys I knew from playing shows with them, so they contacted me, and I did a commission. I like doing that stuff; I'm open to working with different bands- I'm into it. Essentially, that's what I want to keep it as. Some punk artists you see stuff by, like I'll see certain images and imagery all the time, and eventually, it starts to repeat itself. It's the same fuckin' skulls, skeletons with Viking helmets that are brightly colored with colored pencil.

CB: And it's not a unique mascot of sorts like Vic Rattlehead from Megadeth or something.

TJ: It's the same imagery, and it gets boring. Any imagery in punk gets boring, be it black and white photos of dead bodies, or skulls with bombs or wings or whatever. I feel as an art form, punk is in a really stagnant point right now, there aren't a lot of people who are pushing it forward as an art form, and it *is* an art form- even the reaction of hardcore in the 80s, with the art punk of the 70s, hardcore was always evolving, and something needs to evolve now. There aren't too many bands that are evolving- most of the bands are devolving, trying to play...

CB: They're trying to play music that was created in the 80s?

TJ: To a tee. They would be like, "Oh, we like Discharge. We're gonna wear their clothes, do the record logo, have their same kind of images, do a copycat design, we're gonna fuckin' sound like 'em..." And insert that with any band.

CB: And after a while, you just go, "I've got that record already."

TJ: Yeah. And I will say with Discharge- Discharge is probably my all-time favorite band. I do like Dis-bands, and I'm not trying to say that I think that shit's necessarily a waste of time or stupid, but I'm trying to use it as a metaphor for other things. Now, you see all these thrash bands that do the same thing as, say, Exodus, just like the Dis- bands do the same thing as Discharge, they just want to be like someone else.

CB: And the thing is, while Discharge is a good band, there are a thousand different bands that are playing that stuff that are absolutely terrible.

TJ: There are some bands who do it well, and then there are other bands where it's pretty boring, and you can tell it's straight-up regurgitated. I want to see people have some new ideas, and some new creative ideas in punk, and that's what I'm all about at this point, just trying to do something different, still being true to your influences, being true to the predecessors.

(continued from above) Taking all that, and not regurgitating it, but taking it and building something new. Trying to build on a foundation, but go to a new place with it.

CB: Basically, to go back to the original foundation, and instead of walking their same path, walking a completely separate one?

TJ: Right on. Like I was saying about art punk and hardcore, those guys were all into that, and then they took those influences and they ran in a completely different direction with it. All those guys listened to the Bags, the X-Ray Spex, and Richard Hell and the Voidoids, the Ramones, and stuff like that, but then they made hardcore. It's completely different, but without that influence of those bands, it wouldn't exist. And that's what I'd like to think Shitfucker is. Without G.I.S.M., we probably wouldn't exist; without Venom, we probably wouldn't exist. But I don't wanna ape Venom or G.I.S.M., I don't want to rehash what they've done, I want to do our own new thing. Did I answer that question?

CB: That totally answered that question. Who did you record with when you recorded your tracks for your 7" records and the split LP?

TJ: All the Shitfucker stuff we've ever recorded except for the tracks on the split LP, we've done ourselves; we'll record ourselves on analog, 8-track or 4-track cassette players. And then the stuff for the comp was recorded by our friend Chris Slavin, and then our friend Dave Cohl. They just like did it pretty much out of their house- they had a little bit more recording equipment than we had. Everything we've ever recorded, we've always pretty much done ourselves or with friends.

CB: How do you feel the four-way comp turned out?

TJ: I think it turned out great. Then again, I did most of the design and layout. So, I guess, if I

thought it sucked, I'd have no one to blame but myself. All in all, I think it turned out pretty good- there were a few things that bothered me-very small things. Like, on the Reaper track, we busted a snare drum head on the bottom right before we recorded and didn't have time to get a new one, so it's a little high-pitched, but fuck it.

CB: That's what punk's about- saying, "This isn't perfect."

TJ: And it was recorded in the middle of August on the 8th floor of a warehouse/ slaughterhouse, meat-packing place in Eastern market where the elevators didn't work, so we had to literally lug equipment up eight flights of stairs in 95 degree heat- and they were warehouse stairs, which means a flight of stairs is actually four, or like, "One, two," so we were doing almost like 16 flights of stairs. After that was done, we were like, "Let's just record this shit." So everyone busted it out, it actually turned out really good for the amount of time we spent on it in the recording process.

CB: That's very good. Is the record actually a benefit for Jesse Waters?

TJ: Yes. Alejandra put it out, and it was her first release. She was coordinating some benefits for Jesse and stuff. I didn't handle any of the distribution or any of that stuff; that's all her and her label. She did it as a favor I think to him and to us- she paid for the record and all of the bands' recording costs, too, so that was kind of our trade-off- we gave our time as bands and our music, contributed artwork, contributed our thing. So as far as the money she's raising and all that stuff, I'm really not the guy to ask about it.

CB: How did you feel that show last Saturday (May 26th, 2012) went?

TJ: Pretty good. Detroit needs a house space, a DIY space like that. I gotta hand it to those dudes- they have the right punk mentality. They're responsible enough to control the chaos, but they're reasonable and punk enough to realize that there's going to be chaos,



(continued from above) and they're flexible enough to not shit a brick if bottles get broken or some shit happens. As far as I know- I think they've always been really cool. It's been pretty cool to open their house to that- literally in their living room, not even their fuckin' basement. I thought it went pretty well- hopefully, fingers crossed, knock on wood, the space continues for a while with good results.

CB: It was too bad about the whole Deviated Instinct thing, too- I was kind of looking forward to that.

(editor's note: The "Deviated Instinct thing" is referencing an incident when Deviated Instinct came to the United States in May 2012 and toured with Wisconsin's Dresden, and on their Cleveland date, the bands had their van stolen and eventually recovered it, although it was without their gear).

TJ: Yeah, I was really looking forward to it- I've always been a big Deviated Instinct fan, and I was looking forward to seeing them. Obviously, I've never seen them, so I was just excited to see band play live that I actually wanted to see for once. Seems like shows, at least ones I'm interested in, have been few and far between in Detroit lately.

CB: I heard you have played at Maryland Death Fest- who was that with and when?

TJ: It was last year, with Acid Witch.

CB: How did that wind up going?

TJ: It was pretty awesome. It was like nothing I've ever really experienced before. We had a really good time slot, we played Saturday night around 11:30, and it was pretty much like, "Holy shit." When we got on that fest, we thought, "Oh, they'll probably put us on some time during the day," and then we got that spot, so it was gonna be packed. And, yeah- we played in front of probably 5000 people, and the energy was great. I've never felt energy like that where you're just like... it's almost like a transcendental experience, like being,



Shitfucker, playing at the CAID on August 27th in Detroit

feeling something like that, and playing that in front of that many people, it almost sends you into a weird kind of astro trip, almost, I would say- kind of an out-of-body experience, at least for me. I'm sure once you probably start doing it, and you're like, "Oh, I've fuckin' Aerosmith, or some shitty band like that. But for me, man, it was like a fuckin' trip, an out-of-body experience.

CB: Well, not every band gets to play Maryland Death Fest, too, so... understandable.

TJ: Just the vibe too- for us, I think it was really cool because no one had ever seen us before, because we're not a band that plays live very much. And especially no one from anywhere else- we've played maybe 4 or 5 shows in Detroit, never out of state, so that was really cool. Actually, we did play in Chicago once, but that was after Maryland Death Fest. So, yeah, there was definitely excitement in the air, I think. It's pretty cool.

CB: Is there anything else you wanna mention, like any name-drops, some input, opinions, words of wisdom?

TJ: Words of wisdom, I'd say... Keep blinders on, don't worry about what other people are telling you to do, don't worry about what fuckin' people say on the internet, don't worry about people who talk shit to you and say that what you do sucks or whatever. Keep those blinders on, run your own race, and be true to yourself, and I think people will have more success as a band or as a person, whatever you do. I think too many bands worry too much about what other people have to think about them, and when that happens, they just end up putting out the same old shit, and eventually, you get forgotten. It's the bands that everybody fuckin' slags off and everyone is afraid of- when they come out, those are the bands that people remember. Also, if you wanna check out my art or whatever, I can give you my home website.

<http://timothysjenkinsart.blogspot.com/>



More coming from this interview in the next issue of the 'zine!

Next issue will be about the bands that Detroit never noticed or broke up when they were ahead of their time. As per usual, some nationals and internationals will also be

HEARTLESS-

HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE LP REVIEW

This band is one part Spazz, one part His Hero Is Gone, and one part Amebix. Hailing from the steel city of Pittsburgh, the band was born to be heavy. Lacking colleagues in their own city, Heartless largely stands alone in their sound and their town (though D-beat metal heads Wrathcobra are also from the area). First, the band had a self-released, self-titled EP.

However, they were picked up by crusty metal manufacturers Southern Lord to release a full-length.

What would Satan listen to (if such an entity existed)? One imagines a soundtrack of cacophonous anguish, dirty and dark screams, and slow, steamrolling beats, alternated only with rapidity and (power)violence. A chorus of demons, crying out in unison, suffering from the human plague- this is what Heartless' "Hell is Other People" is like.

The album starts out simply enough- drums pummeling away, powerviolence afoot in the background. As the bass and guitar chime in, it becomes clear that this is no ordinary powerviolence- these instruments make the music sound like a goddamn steamroller. The vocals, too, set a different tone than is usual for punk. The singer utters guttural barks, delivered almost as rapidly as a thrashcore singer. The only time the album lets up is for breakdowns (of which there are few) and for one four and a half minute song that crawls along like a Sherman tank in a minefield- slow, explosive, and unstoppable. However, most of the songs are less than two minutes long and hit like a passenger train. Every minute of this album is heavy, hard, and unrelenting. This is another piece of the dark, blistering speed hardcore movement- grab this ASAP.

DOWN DOWN DOWN/

DGR/DWN- SPLIT

This is some oddly charming melodic hardcore laced with something in between pop punk and plain old punk rock. Down Down Down sounds a lot like Frank White if that band had ever gotten serious (note: this is because there are two members out of three who used to be in said band). The passionately angry yet melodic vocals, catchy and memorable choruses, and an underlying sound not far off from Bad Religion are all parallels from Frank White and Down Down Down. Whether the newer version of the band will be as inspiring and well-known as the older one was remains to be seen, but they are certainly on the right musical and social path. DGR/DWN (pronounced Dagger Down) has a mix of melodic punk and emotional hardcore that, while brand new to me, is a new-ish trend following bands like fordirelikesake and others like them. Though not particularly my cup of tea, I found myself digging these two tracks- catchy, simple, and raspy vocals are hard to go wrong on. Overall a very enjoyable, fitting split for these two bands- they've successfully caught my attention for now.

THE HYSTERICs- S/T FP REVIEW

I can't stop listening to this record. It is that good. As jaded as I feel and outwardly am sometimes, this is the most exciting band I've come across since I first happened upon Question, and I like both of those bands for similar reasons. Regardless, I am absolutely in love with this record right now.

The lyrics are brilliantly written- every single song is insightful and makes me think. 'Arm Candy' is about how women come along and makes guys in the scene look good... and rejecting that in favor of independence. I never thought I'd hear such an insightful yet positive message- now that I have, I can fully support it! 'Dow Jones' is about the stock trade and how the pursuit of money takes the soul out of things- it's too true (despite my college major being Business Administration, I do see the ultimate evil in the raw pursuit of money- it is a soul-trapping endeavor). That, and the way the singer is able to rattle off the words is nothing short of amazing (reminds me a lot of how Mike Ratt sang in U.D.I.). 'Correct Me' is the stand-out track, lyrically speaking- it's inexplicable, but everything said here has bounced around my brain for years. I believe it has to do with having a very different (read: accurate) viewpoint and outlook on life, and being "corrected" for it being considered wrong- absolutely brilliant. 'Sunk' is another lyrical piece of gold, and the slower tempo of the song brings a sense of urgency to the words. 'Deformative Years' is another lightning-fast blast, being both sonically and lyrically brutal. The E.P. closes with 'Hanging Out at the 512', which is a lyrical mindfuck that still manages to be absolutely brilliant. I never thought that a line about taking a shit at Wendy's would qualify as brilliant, but The Hysteries proved me utterly wrong.

Sonically, the music is a blend of 80s hardcore and some garage-y punk and maybe some riot grrl, and they manage to take the best parts out of all of them and make one great sonic ball of ferociously awesome hardcore punk that is utterly addicting. 'Correct Me' is one of the best songs to ever come out of any hardcore scene, anywhere. Yes, it is that good. The music makes me want to jump off tables and punch people in the face, and the lyrics are just amazing, in the way that I wish I could write like that. The instrumentation is spot on, the mix is neat and even, and the package of the record itself is awesome.

I cannot possibly recommend this album and band more. This is everything hardcore ever could have been and should be. Excellent, brilliant, awesome, great... I'll run out of adjectives to describe how positively I feel about this band and album before I get tired of it. If you only buy one album this week/ month/ year/ the rest of your life, buy this.

Truncheons-** **demo tape** **review

This is the new incarnation of After the Bombs with a bit of a sound change-up and a few member switches as well. Still residing in Montreal and blasting punk rock, the band's sound has definitely changed from the looming, heavy, crushing crust that After the Bombs had- the reverbed vocals have stayed, though, as both bands share the same singer. Rather than focusing on the melodies and progression of sound, now the band is a group focused on having a fuzzy background sound; the vocals and the music are seemingly separated from one another, but are still paired. However, this is a demo with decent replay value- it is indeed a demo, through and through, and the upcoming 7" should be a step up. A punk demo with a closer lean to noisecore than to crust, it's worth the couple bucks.

Three Days of Shows:

May 24th-26th show reviews: May 24th, Crow Manor; May 25th, New Way Bar; May 26th, the Gulag

This was a surprisingly diverse, very fun set of shows that took place in Detroit over three days (they were unrelated to one another). All were preceded by a not-so-nice 8-hour day at work for me, so these things were a real solace for me. Two were at some rad DIY plays that have been gaining influence in our scene as of late, and one was at a decent bar right around the corner from where I live. All of the bands were only connected by a common metropolitan area, Detroit. This set of shows was particularly notable because of how diverse it all was, and how this diversity could be a noteworthy trait for our scene.

Day 1: May 24th, Crow Manor- Axe Ripper, Tell All Your Friends, Most Heinous

I arrived just as Axe Ripper was starting- I heard the interlude to “No Way Out” as I was driving by the spot, quickly finding a parking place and entering. As it turned out, the set was to be a split set between them and Tell All Your Friends, a local pop punk band from the Hazel Park/ Warren/ Madison Heights area (to my knowledge). If this was a split set, it was a very long one, not what I’m used to seeing in the length of such sets. In any case, Axe Ripper’s set truly showed them as being a band that shines in a house/ enclosed spot, an uncommon feature with a metal band. They even got a small pit going, mostly during their song “Spitting Teeth”, their most punk/ hardcore influenced song. The set was subject to periodic tradeoffs with Tell All Your Friends- a band that has a few good songs mixed with a lot of boring pop punk. Granted, the band didn’t pull their usual antics of playing for hours on end (which they have done before), so it’s a positive first step. With it being a mix of short, fast tunes and longer, drearier songs, it came off as a Best Idea Ever sort of influenced band. Pop punkers would like it, but it lacks the energy that angrier punk/ hardcore has. Oh well- diff’rent strokes for diff’rent blokes.

Then, out came the touring band from New Orleans, Most Heinous. I had no idea what to expect, so when the band cranked out a furious fastcore set wracked with energy from both the band and the crowd, I was positively taken aback. Wow- this band feels like it should have come off the 625 Thrashcore roster, but they didn’t (at least, not yet). They unleashed one of the best sets of thrashy hardcore I’ve seen in recent years. One could make a legitimate comparison to Rat Storm, though this motley crew had a less politically themed lyrical mindset. Fuckin’ stellar.

Day 2: May 25th, New Way Bar- Come Out Fighting, Not Ok., Burn the Hearse, Poison Tongues, Fight It Out, Sawchuk

Come Out Fighting, fresh off their 5-month hiatus, came out fighting indeed. They banged out some good 90s-era posi-core. Not different enough to be out of step, exactly, but it’s still a little deviant- worth watching.

Not Ok was a strange mix of punk, post-hardcore, and a few other odd genres blended into an energetic set that blew out the voice of singer Brenden. It was not what the general idea of energetic hardcore usually entails, but it wowed me still. I liked the fact that it was still heavy and filled with youthful anger and angst. I imagine these folks will probably become a very diverse band in the near future.

Next was Burn the Hearse, a metal band with some hardcore influences. I was not big on the band, because mixing metal and hardcore together is a very daunting, careful task, and my senses indicated that it was not mixed well- seemed like more of a Hatebreed than a Hirax. Not my thing, so I'm not really the right person to judge a band like this.

Poison Tongues followed with- not too bad of a set by them. They continue the same sort of angry, nihilistic 90s metalcore Earthmover made popular, just with a bit of a different sound and name. The rage has not diluted over time for singer Lenny- this is what hardcore and punk is about- the raw anger and fury, coupled with the punching power chords of the guitars. Look out for their upcoming LP.

Fight It Out was next, and they busted out with some introverted angry 90s hardcore. Nothing stand out- ish, but I dig it regardless. I prefer my hardcore to be about hating other people and being depressed- maybe something's wrong with me, but I like to think it's everyone else. I suspect I'm not alone.

Closing was Sawchuk- much like Fight It Out, this is how I like my hardcore, except these dudes are more anthemic with their songs- it works better for them. Hopefully they keep up the good work.

Day 3: May 26th, the Gulag- Final Assault, Scum, Krang, Shitfucker

Final Assault cranked out more good ole' D-beat anarcho punk- not reinventing the wheel, but making the wheel spin as best as it can. They came out with a few new tracks too- it's always more fun to see the new tracks live first. These vets know how to do their shit- I can't find a better anarcho punk band still playing out in the Midwest. You all know how big a fan I am of these guys- this didn't disappoint.

Following was Scum, occupants of the house (3/4, at least). I like the raw D-beat these guys do- it's very primitive punk rock, of which I cannot express any hate for. However, the one flaw that I can't escape is the feedback on the recordings (and somewhat so live as well). I know punk rock isn't about being totally professional or perfect, but a degree of effort ought to go in making a band's sound clear and discernible. Sadly, the trend of noise music crossed over into punk, and has made all the instruments into one giant, fuzzy cluster(fuck). Other than this, the D-beat is strong in these ones.

Next was Krang, an epic crust band from Chicago. I was strongly taken aback by how good this set was- the guitar work alone was amazing. As for the rest, the band seems to have dropped the political overtones of their music (as found in former band Expendable Youth) in favor of stranger, far more interesting lyrics; it's safe to say that it's for the better. The songs are heavy and almost enchanting, like they would belong in some sort of ancient pagan ritual. At the end of the set, the band dove into their signature song "Sounds of Death", which inspired a giant apartment pit, and had about half the room screaming the chorus to the song- this image really reminded me of what a punk/ hardcore show is supposed to be about; an inspiring image, no doubt.

Concluding the night was Shitfucker, and this time, I don't know what to think. I think I might have missed something, as I lack an opinion- not bad or good, I was simply perplexed. There was lots of double bass drumming, which made for a lot of good headbanging, but other than that, I am truly at a loss for words on Shitfucker's set on this given evening. Other people seemed to dig it, though.

These three straight days of punk shows were some of the better shows of this year, I must say. It lied mostly in the sheer diversity of the show line-ups in such a short spread of time. It shows that Detroit has a positively heterogeneous pool of punk-influenced bands who contribute to one overall music scene in a fantastic way. More times like this in the future, kthxbai!

KREMLIN- Will You Feed Me? EP REVIEW



Short, fast, and raw- this could have been a lost tape from an obscure 80s hardcore band and no one would ever know. However, it is not; instead, it's a new-ish 80s style hardcore band that sports some psychedelic rock influence, and comes with a member from the School Jerks on drums. With feedback intact, these five songs blast away at neck-breaking speed. No frills, no bullshit, no talent 80s hardcore- this is how it's done, folks.

HOAX- FIRST EP REVIEW

This is some of the angriest music I've ever heard. This is the modern, self-loathing, nihilistic version of Discharge- intense, brutal, simple, and absolutely without compromise. 'Fagget' is the sort of song fans would scream for, hate mosh to, and destroy their voice bellowing the lyrics with almost as much rage as the singer. It's about the consequences of bullying people with a particularly invective homophobic epithet, and rather than the music being fast, it is mid-tempo, and absolutely crushes (*editor's note: This is the kind of song that if KING wrote it, this would be the song that would set off the crowd*). This song is so angry, so blood-boiling, so vicious that it feels good. 'Endgame' is a continuation of the mid-tempo theme, and this time is about losing, presumably in life. One is liable to end up with a very bloody nose by the end of this song. 'Dead Weight' is about the burden of depression and the treatment methods that might come with it. It rings too true of the crushed hope often following a treatment that is not effective enough, or in this case, completely backfires and makes one worse (*editor's note: I myself have had experience with this, and it is all but true- when medication for an already depressed person doesn't work, the patient often gets worse because they expected to improve, and they didn't, and this feeling only worsens when said meds backfire*). There is undoubtedly a level of annoyance experienced when one says "I feel like shooting myself today" when said person is merely having one bad day, and this person has yet to realize what that feeling is like on a daily, weekly, or even monthly basis. 'Leech' closes out the EP, and is about, you guessed it, a one-sided relationship where one gives and the other takes, with the parasite clearly dependent on the host for the taking.

This EP is the soundtrack to the self-annihilation of one person. You will find this record playing in the bathroom with a suicide victim and a plugged-in toaster. Death is not swift.

GET IT AWAY:

DEPRESSION DAILY

Depression is very difficult to get over sometimes- it's a double-edged sword, the dark and depressed side sometimes being the sharper side of the blade. What is meant by this is that despite depression often holding one down, it can also give one the tenacity to push forward, give a temporary confidence boost, and ultimately triumph. Even on darker trails, depression can give some light; it gives a new level of understanding and adds a bit of strength to one's character. The reason my depression has continued is because I have chosen to accept the most bitter of pills- truth and reality in a chaotic, senseless, malevolent world. It seems the majority of my human brethren have distracted themselves, or worse, deluded themselves into coping with reality, never to face it and doomed to die utterly clueless (note: many of those who I've met personally are distracted, but not deluded- that is reserved for the masses whom I go to great lengths to avoid).

Honesty is rarely what we want or choose to accept, for it is often not what we want to hear. For example, take a stereotypical straight couple, shopping at some mall-based department store: The female tries on a dress, comes out of the dressing room, and asks the male, "Does this dress make me look fat?" Hardly ever is this a question worth asking. If she believes that it does not, then there's no point in asking the question: self- confidence 101. If she believes that it does, then it depends on how the male responds. If he responds with the most likely answer, "No.", then that is to reassure her that she is not fat, despite her own opinion that she is. This again renders said question irrelevant, because the question is posed not for the answer to that question, but to a separate, implied question. This is self-delusion incarnate. If the male responds with "Yes.", that said dress does indeed make the female look fat, then it in turn depends on her reaction. The most likely reaction from the female will be to become offended at the perceived insult and have her feelings hurt, which will not lead to any kind of positive path for either party. If she reacts by accepting the male's answer without any kind of negative reaction, then that is a great thing, a sign of the willingness to accept imperfection, a very positive trait, albeit a rare one.

Apply this abstract example to any personal/ social/ professional life problem, and one will find that most people do not acknowledge, much less accept the world presented before them, if it does not fit the image of life they have deemed fit. Only a small portion of people are willing to accept and face reality, for better or worse, and these people are not often happy, since this heightened awareness brings on all the disturbing occurrences to mind, be they internal or external to one's mind. In layman's terms, depressed people accept the world as it is, which is in and of itself a depressing place. Happy people usually put on blinders (faith, ignorance, etc.) or use some kind of cognitive dissonance, and somehow, two colliding thoughts exist harmoniously. It is this acceptance of life (good or bad) that gives one resolve and lends a stronger mind than that of others, and even an anchoring chain around one's mind cannot forever hold that down.

THE ASTRONAUTS/
THE DESTRUCTORS
SPLIT CD REVIEW

The first two songs by the Astronauts are mediocre- nothing much to say about them- they didn't particularly stick with me. The third song 'The Things You Crave' begins to tip this side of the CD downward- this song could not be slower, and it sucks pretty hard; even for plain rock and roll, this blows. 'Wild', while a little faster, isn't a lot better, but it's a step forward. The slower parts bore me, though. 'One Wave', unfortunately, sets a new low for music labeled 'punk'- this song is fucking god awful. If I wanted to make a happy person more humble and grounded, I would play them this song, because it is that agitating and distracting. Holy fuck, do I never want to hear that song again. The last two songs are, again, largely unremarkable in a positive or negative way. I doubt they will be in my head for more than five seconds after I finish writing this review. Next is the Destructors side- I was hoping that it was slightly more notable, but it isn't, though it is a bit higher quality. This is usual Destructors stuff- rock-influenced, clear-sounding, catchy punk out of Britain. Nothing to jump for joy over, but my time wasn't totally wasted, and especially so in comparison to the Astronauts' side. You get what you likely expect out of these guys.

Get It Away: Depression Daily continued...

On a side note, depression also gives way to outside viewpoints, and therefore, much more interesting art (literature, artwork, cinema, music, etc.). Personally, it has given me a sort of uniquely charming cynicism that drives my personality to grow and influence. It has eradicated some bounds that would otherwise limit me; while some accept themselves and do not strive to improve, my mind is always forcing me to keep moving onwards and upwards. Even the most optimistic of individuals cannot deny that there is a benefit to that kind of drive to make oneself better.

Despite these benefits, there still exist the darker parts of depression, the sides that most people see, and some thoughts that not even the most intelligent of optimists could fathom...

These sides are the ones that hold us down (those people being we, the depressed), keep us from moving forward. Thoughts of senseless violence, inferiority, uselessness, lifelessness, suicide, blinding rage... these are the anchors of souls, of personal drive and progress. They can make it difficult to go through the simplest of tasks, usually social ones; even merely trying to talk to a friend or make a phone call to deal with an important matter can be more trying than running a five kilometer race (of which I have ran many times- it is exhausting). This sapped energy can keep one in place for hours, sometimes days, and that benefits no one at all. Even being aware of one's situation often does not help- in fact, it can create a vicious cycle of depression and apathy (depressed because you're apathetic, and apathetic because you're depressed), which is extremely toxic. These are the problems depression can bring, and as trying as they are for a man or woman, the recovery process is a necessary undertaking, albeit one that can be and often is a labyrinth of heavy emotions and mental dead weight.

It would be fitting to think of this depressive beast as symbiotic, an organism of sorts (comic book fans, think of Venom from Marvel), although this is not a separate entity, as most symbiotic creatures are. A symbiotic creature is an organism that provides both benefits and detriments to the host, and it seeks to create mutual dependence, since it cannot exist on its own. A parasite or leech is often easily removed or burned off, but a symbiotic organism is not so easy to be rid of- those benefits it provides can be worth withstanding the pain of the detriments, and until it is no longer worthwhile to keep around, the symbiotic creature resides, in my mind and in others, forever providing and sapping me of energy. I may be truly doomed.

TRAITOR- SHADOWHEART EP REVIEW

This is a very unique mix of sub-genres that makes for a new, fresh sound. Upon clicking the first song on (called “Heart of Gnarled Roots”), all I can think is, “Holy shit”, because it’s got a pterodactyl- like screech vocal at first, then is alternated by a higher-pitched hardcore vocal, and it’s odd to be engulfed in such a mix. In the background, blackened crossover hardcore (blackened thrash meets hardcore meets metalcore) rages at full speed, blistering away with ferocious fury. This is about the first half of the song- following this, the tempo slows down, showing the slower 90s-style hardcore influence, as singer Nick Holland drops the higher pitched vocals for a more clean and direct singing style, which is what he uses for the rest of the song.

It’s a lot to take in for a first song, but it’s undoubtedly their best one on here. “Lanterns” kicks in with a menacing, speedy, thrashy intro that fucking rips, and moves into additional gnarly blackened crossover hardcore with pterodactyl vocals. However, this song is different in that it shows much more metalcore influence, minus the parts where the drums are shooting off like a machine gun. It seems to be similar in terms of lyrical theme to the previous song, and this one, too, is well-penned. “Sunlight’s Bane” is more of a hardcore song, being very direct and concise, clocking in around 90 seconds, and still retaining that indescribable intensity that seems to permeate the band.

“Starless” is a return to the eclectic mix of influences, and is a heavier, slower tune. The best part of this song (and a very quotable lyric in and of itself) is the line “The sparrows carry me by the threads of my burial gown, for you abandoned me... FOR YOU ABANDONED ME!” It’s extremely intense, and is followed by a fucking killer breakdown that sounds like something windmill kids would go off for (in a very good way; I, too, would go off for a breakdown this heavy and intense). “I Curse Those Who Ail Me” is a piano-driven song, with spoken words narrated over the top. Though I can’t say I know the lyrical theme here, the music is melodramatic and has a bittersweet feel to it- a very steep change, but one fitting the overall style of the EP very well.

This band is many things, talented and awesome not the least among them. These dudes rule, and so does this EP. Grab it when it comes out- you’ll regret it if you don’t.

Public Sex- self titled CD review

One part hardcore, one part street punk, and one part Oi!, these four downriver hoodlums and one pissed-off adult skinhead are a relatively new band to the Detroit punk scene, but have built up a lot of potential in that time. If they can align that potential with opportunity, this band could be the forerunner of a new wave of Detroit punk and hardcore. This first offering by Public Sex is the prime evidence for this- “Drinking Song” is the band’s tune setting them apart from the current trend of new jock positive hardcore, while “Nailed Against the Wall”, “Sex, Booze, Punks and Skins”, and “Scumbag” are their anthems of general debauchery and hooliganism, which the band does somewhat pride themselves on. Some songs stretch further into this outlook on life- “Pyromaniac” and “Offroad Homicide” descend a bit more deeply into the nihilistic, negative view sympathetic to the hearts and minds of bleak-future Detroiters. This is undoubtedly a product of the Detroit background, plus a mix of Cold as Life, Rotting Out, the Casualties, and (dare I say it) the Ratfinks circa 2002-2003. Good stuff, but not really any one song stands out. This would be an even better release had it been split into two EPs and a little more time taken to record and mix it. Still a quality punk rock record worth jamming. Now that the solid foundation has been built, it’s time to see some expansion. I look forward to it.

My Friends the Pit Fest III show review

Though a musically prosperous weekend, it was truly a weird experience, mostly due to members of Bald Pig (though it was no fault of their own; they were just being who they are). Nonetheless, everyone was nice, and the show was excellent- truly a sign of what could be in Michigan. The basement was very small, not much bigger than that of hometown basement venue the Halfway House. Traffic was crowded (people, not so much automobiles), but it was well worth the discomfort. However, the show got a bit of a false start, as the rain that Friday night (September 7th) was pouring rather heavily...

First on were the Zodiacs, local garage-influenced hardcore punk group (local to Indianapolis, not MI). Though the set was very short and hard to judge, it was not unlike Kommie Kilpatrick and their weirdo, short, punky blasts of old-school hardcore. I'd like to hear more.

Next was Overpower, a very heavy, angry, local powerviolence band. Mind Eraser, Spine, and Lack of Interest come to mind- these guys are a little more tuned down than the latter, though. Also a short set, this was alright, but the meathead mentality the singer gave off was more than a little off-putting. I like a pissed-off singer as much as anyone, but I prefer the guy who's mad about something real, and the line "Buy the Spine 7" or you're FUCKING DUMB" clued in he might not be. Oh well- a small mind merely means that there is room to grow.

Then, No Master started playing. Forty seconds into their first jam, the torrential rainfall got the better of the electrical system, and the power went out. The show was unfortunately done for the night. We missed out on the Inservibles and a few others. Luckily, most of the bands just adjusted the schedule to play the next day- phew. After finding some solace at a local punk house where I was allowed to sleep (by no small help of a man named Asman- thank you!), I witnessed much in the way of a weirdness foreign and inexplicable to me- I did get to watch Aliens, however; it was a minor plus in an otherwise bizarre evening. I woke up the next day reinvigorated and explored the town a bit. After finding little to enjoy, I burned time until the show had to start at 6 (by reading a national road map, Animal Farm, trying



NO MASTER



SALVATION



HOAX



BLIND JUSTICE

to sleep, and watching the locals act out their very dramatic lives). Though the time crawled, I managed to make it 'til the start of the show.

Opening was thrashy local youth crew, Blind Justice (whom I, and I'm sure others, had initially mistaken to be the band from the same name from New Jersey). Much like the Zodiacs of the night before, this set was over with in a matter of about eight minutes- as opposed to the low-fi hardcore the latter band had, this was straight youth crew in the vein of Straight Ahead, a harder-edged 7 Seconds, and maybe a little Infest. In those eight minutes, they crammed in probably about as many songs as there were minutes, barely stopping in between- just how punk ought to be played.

Next was Side FX, the local band whose members helped organize the show. Again, a less than ten minute set, played with unwavering fury. This is basically 80s hardcore with a modern twist- contemporary hardcore mixed with the bands of old like Siege, Deep Wound, early SSD, and the like. Intense and straight to the point.

Civilized, from Denver, went on next. They mixed newer, slower hardcore with older, faster hardcore, though after a couple of songs, it didn't seem to fit, and I traveled outside to get my merch buying out of the way. I didn't hate it, but I wasn't taken in very much by it, either.

Next was Bald Pig, a new-ish contemporary of the Kansas City group Spine. The vocalist Spider went a bit nuts as the band raged, spewing out words as he seemed to lose all self-control, crawling on the floor for some very cool reason. The powerviolence was strong in this hardcore band- the image of Pantera's "Vulgar Display of Power" would be far more fitting on this band, because that's all one would want to do while this band's music is playing.

After that was the band Mugger, from Columbus, Ohio. I cannot, for the life of me, remember what this band was like. I can recall no particular unpleasanties about them, and they jammed a few righteous tunes, I'm sure. They have a demo tape floating around in a few distros.

No Master joined the party, following this. This band is absolutely influenced by the D-beat, studs, and spikes sorts of bands, but they came off as being more or less a simple hardcore band, breakdowns and all. Now that's a fusion I've wanted to see done well, and No Master is undoubtedly the first band in a long, long time to do that successfully. This set did not have its power cut abruptly, and the band raged for a good fifteen minute set- one of the better displays of the night.

Spine was after this. Though a band incurring some hype in the hardcore community, they have deserved it, and put on a quick ten to twelve minute set of powerviolence-laced hardcore, that either flew by at breakneck speed or crawled at a snail's pace, heavy as shit. This was also the release show for the band's "Subhuman" EP, which was nabbed by many a show goer (myself included- review forthcoming on that one!). A band one could call "hard", but still enjoyable for being fast as well.

Following was Negative Degree, a hardcore band in the vein of all the poorly-recorded hardcore bands of the 80s (that we all know and love). This was the band that really got everyone moving for the rest of the show, and it was exciting to see all these hardcore kids who knew all the words to this band's songs (despite them not being on any kind of "big" label, and being all the way from



NEGATIVE DEGREE

Denver), dancing to them the way I've always remembered mosh pits being- that is, like a bumper car ride, but with a bunch of lanky kids hyped on a mixture of excitement, energy, and either the straight edge, caffeine, or booze, depending on the fans' personal indulgence preferences. Hardcore as it should be, no doubt.

Cadaver Dog was next. I can't remember much about this set either, but the vocalist was good at being scary as fuck. By this time, I think I had mostly lost my mental composure waiting for Hoax to play.



CROWD SHOT AT MFTP FEST III



BALD PIG

The Ropes were the next band. This band reminded me of early 90s hardcore, along the lines of Strife, maybe a less political Earth Crisis, and the like. However, they had some faster verse parts with regard to the music, as opposed to being all chugga-chugga. The basement packed to near capacity for these guys, and even from the near-back of the room, I could see the crowd was hype on them. I enjoyed it, but I was all too eagerly anticipating the next two bands, Hoax and Salvation. Still a good set.

Next to last was Salvation. All I knew about these guys was that they shared members with Hoax, and that was enough to get my attention if only for a moment. However, after the band got started, they had my attention *much* more firmly. This was hardcore punk for the psychopath- it fit my slightly deranged persona well. Despite not being overly heavy, the intensity was akin to a house fire burning three stories high, heating and simultaneously destroying all around it. The singer was as unbalanced as I'd ever seen any singer, from H8 Inc. to Hoax to G.I.S.M. and back. Finally, when they got to their last song "House of the Beating Hell", I realized this was the theme song for deranged, deviant, distorted minds- it was a song that made me want to hurt people, in the best way possible. It was truly transcendental.

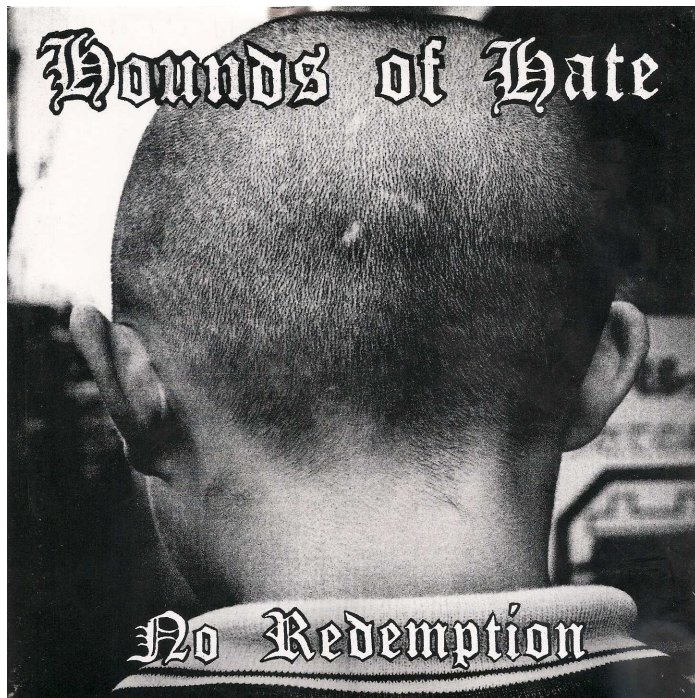
Closing was Hoax, who set off the entire room when they started. Damn near the whole crowd knew all the words to their songs, and screamed them loud as the singer raged in his trademark insane way. Not since I witnessed a set by Hellmouth in February 2010 have I been afraid of a vocalist onstage- this man is a kindred spirit for sheer unbalanced genius (not that I'm a genius, but I like to think I have a relatively unique perspective above the minds of others). The music is bone-crushing, brutally angry low-fi hardcore punk with the bleakest lyrics ever written, sung/screamed over the anthems. The band must have blasted out every single song in their discography, aside from their trademark anti-homophobia song, and the crowd could not have been happier with this. This is one of the most important bands of modern hardcore, and time will show them to be one of the higher-echelon bands of all time as well, I believe. Simple, yet so extremely, unshakably intense and angry- this is the one band whose show I would be happy to get face-punched at. That was the end of the show at the I.H.O.P. (International House of Pitting, not the delicious restaurant chain), but there would be an after-show with Negative Degree and the Ropes at a pizza parlor a bit further down into the city. After picking multiple brains to learn the address of the place (why did so many people get there, yet no one seemed to know the address itself), I finally got it and drove down (again, thanks Asman!). The show was just getting set up as I walked in, so I grabbed a few tasty slices of pizza as the bands set up and the crowd arrived one by one.

Negative Degree went on first. Though doing a few songs they had done at the earlier show, they did a few odd songs one wouldn't expect, including a cover of "Ain't No Feeble Bastard" that made me overjoyed, because I didn't expect at all to hear an 80s hardcore band cover Discharge (usually, it's all D-beat bands who bow at the throne of the band)- it was very welcome. The crowd was much more spread out, and noticeably moved around that much more. It was cool to see this many punks in one room, a pizza parlor lobby, dancing around like lunatics.

The Ropes followed, and also did a few odd songs, and tricked the crowd into thinking they were gonna do "We Gotta Know", because they played the intro part, then cut into a different cover song I didn't know- still gnarly anyways. After the set ended, I talked to a few of the locals and the guys in Negative Degree, and nabbed a cheap hotel for the night (being around that many people for so long had me feeling claustrophobic as fuck). The next day, it was a long drive back home, but seeing as how I got to eat at a Waffle House and see the variety of farming fields along the freeway, I wasn't too bored. Lessons to be learned from this trip: Find a place to stay with friends if at all possible, even if it's awkward, and it sucks traveling more than two hours by one's self.

Do you want music reviewed in the 'zine? Tired of reading the same, boring opinions that I have? Are you itching to voice your opinion, but lack a format on which to express it? Are you Trill 'til Death? If you answered yes to any of the following questions, then contact the magazine about writing for the zine- get the word out there about punk, hardcore, and metal in Michigan! We like to open up new lines of communication, be they from you to us or from you to a fellow punk! The contact information is on the back of the 'zine- send us a line, a letter, or vinyl, and get in touch!

HOUNDS OF HATE- NO REDEMPTION 7" REVIEW



THIS is hardcore, folks. The individualist, the pessimist, the lone warrior syndrome is the focal point of the lyrics- though a bit of a stretch, one could say that this is Nietzschean in nature, the music of the Übermensch, if music were a virtue to him. There's nothing to dislike about that. The music is hardcore circa '88- the fast and slow parts are constantly alternating, and when there is a breakdown, it's fitting, not just thrown in for the sake of itself. A rougher, tougher, grittier version of Slapshot, the guitars are powerful and tight, the bass is crunchy, and the drums are steady as can be. For NYHC or 90s-style hardcore, this is one of the most stellar EPs you'll come across. Why isn't this band being hyped up like every other hardcore band from Pennsylvania and New York? This is one of the few bands who actually deserve it. One of the best hardcore EPs I've heard in a good while- nab it ASAP.



Napalm Raid, playing at the Bearcave in Detroit on June 28th

Apache- Speak of the Devil demo review

This is dark 90s hardcore with tempo changes from slow to thrashcore to mid-tempo paced, and vocals that screech and bark equal parts. Think traditional groovy, breakdown hardcore, tuned down a step, and a bit of thrashy punk thrown in to round out verses of the songs. The vocals are almost demonic, the guitars and bass almost have that funky nu-metal sound to them, but it sounds good here. The drums are the big attraction, with some nice beats brought out by this crucial dude from Pontiac (all the band is from there, to my knowledge). It's a demo, one worth the six minutes required for listening. I'd like to see more.

Outlook- Our Time is

Now LP review

It's apparent that this is a youth crew record from the start, but without the varsity font logos and weight lifting bro/jock members. This traditional youth crew sound is mixed with a bit of melodic hardcore to make for an energetic yet passionate sound. Reading the lyrics, they too are atypical of the subgenre- it's fitting to say that this is youth crew that is anti-youth crew; definitely out of step without being too out of line to be interesting, this LP is comparable to the rest of the band's material, but it sounds as though it's been remixed and everything given a bit of extra oomph. The guitar is strong, almost too much so; sometimes it overwhelms the vocals and makes them difficult to hear. The drums have the exact same issue- strong and overly so. The bass could use a small increase in volume, but otherwise sounds good. The vocals... I love the righteous outrage singer Adriana has, and she could not have done much better than this. In fact, I wish I could hear her voice better. That's the only negative thing about this album- the sound needs more strength to give to the singer, and balance out the rest of it. Beyond that, fucking solid as can be. Get this album ASAP, youth crew lovers. You might stop loving Ray Cappo and start loving Adriana instead. Regular punkers, this is worth checking out, no doubt. *Post-review note: For some reason, I can hear a little Direct Control in this sound too- strange yet pleasurable.*



OUTLOOK, PLAYING AT THE VOID
IN GRAND RAPIDS ON APRIL 27TH



No Tomorrow, playing at the CAID in
Detroit on August 27th



Axe Ripper is an up-and-coming melodic metal band out of Detroit; imagine Megadeth circa 1990, playing Sodom's music with a unique tinge, with John Bush in the early days of Armored Saint on vocals. Even that is only a shell of what Axe Ripper is and represents.

The new full-length CD "Welcome to Detroit Destruction" is officially out on Pirated Records now! To order a copy, either contact the band at the e-mail address listed below, or to order from Pirated Records, write/ e-mail at the addresses listed on the back of the 'zine. Here is a music video that they've done for a taste of the album.

Losing Streak:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aIPnhk3VsAw>

To contact the band, e-mail/ go to:

hashthrashers@gmail.com

<http://axeripper.bandcamp.com>

<http://www.reverbnation.com/axeripper>

<http://www.facebook.com/axeripper>

Cognitive Dissonance- Into Madness LP review

This band is from the Twin Cities area, so it's of no surprise that, as a crust punk band, they are a part of the Profane Existence collective. However, there's something different about them- they have an undeniable metal influence in their sound- the music comes off as crossover crust punk, a la Parasitic, Hellshock, etc. Though lacking in numerous sonic contemporaries, the band does have members of Question as full-time band members, so it's certain that at least one band member is a strong crust punk devotee. This LP is their third hard copy record, following a demo tape and the "Prisoner Under the Cross" EP. No doubt, this is their finest production to date.

The album starts off as a darker and heavier metal album, with drums saturating the background sound as the guitar wails out an intoxicating riff over and over before the real song kicks in and unleashed some killer crust. As the album progresses, a few different themes are explored, both lyrically and musically. Lyrically, the band covers mostly political and social themes, with a personal song thrown in as well- in other words, the usual good crusty stuff. Musically, the band uses high/ low dual vocals for singing (though both singers are difficult to discern), heavy and dirty metal-influenced guitars, and asymmetric-timed drumming that manages to fit the songs well. In "Omens of Doom", there's even a brief moment when it sounds like the band is using the dual-guitar harmonies (the ones Iron Maiden and Judas Priest are known for using). The music and the lyrics on this album are high echelon, crème de la crème, use whatever cliché you want, as long as it equals fucking awesome. The only thing I wish this record had is clearer vocals. Even with the benefit of a lyric sheet, I still like to hear what the singer is saying, and be able to understand it.

Though the band has not been very active as of late (2012), they have certainly spent that time well before (if it's been spent writing quality songs), so hopefully that's what they're up to now. This is yet another fine release from Twin Cities bastards Cognitive Dissonance. I don't know if this set the crust standard for an LP, but it definitely came close. Maximum riffage!

TRAGEDY- DARKER DAYS

AHEAD LP REVIEW

FIGHT IT OUT- DEPRESSION 7" REVIEW

Not quite as fast as the band's older material, this album is a demonstrably positive evolution- that's how a band releases four albums over the course of thirteen years while staying fresh. This album is *far* from stale- it's heavier than ever and has gotten much more complex, yet still retains a comparable level of energy as their previous work.

Melodic, almost acoustic interludes, long intros, and of course, heavy hitting hardcore-influenced crust to hold all the parts of the songs together. The vocals are near-English accent sounding shouts of furious, wrathful anger and despair, seeming deeper than previous material. The guitars are all over the place, but in a great way- they progress from soft, quiet pieces to melodic leads and interludes to extremely heavy, crushing riffs and verse pieces. They are the accent of the moody tempo- they are the center stage of the music, so to speak. The drums set the background tone, and even the slowest beat can be the most powerful- "The Grim Infinite" is the best example of this menacing background sound. The bass is both a complimentary instrument to the guitars and an instrument in its own right. Without the punishing bass lines, the drums would not be so... beautifully hopeless and depressing. Holy fuck, is this record heavy and heinous, dark and depressing. Imagine what it's like to be run over by a tank.

This record puts one in a state of mind needed for survival- crawling along slowly, barely holding onto life, and weighed down by burden, yet movement never ceases, never yields, never capitulates. While the band's first record may be more indicative of the manic moments and brief flashes of insanity we suffer, this record is the rest of life, the endless scaling of a mountain cliff, climbing with the fear of heights fully ablaze in one's mind.

This is not a fast record by any means, but there is just as much energy to be found here as in any lightning speed punk record- well worth jamming more than a few times. "No Cemeteries Here", "The Grim Infinite", and "Power Fades" are the three best tracks on the record, though not greatly more so than the others. It is steadily hovering between good and great throughout its entirety. It's almost obligatory to listen to this front to back, and not as individual songs- it's better that way anyway.

This is 90s hardcore done right- songs about being depressed, alone, isolated, and hopeless are what hardcore should be about. It's a place for unity, to unite all the fuck-ups in a socially hospitable environment, to escape from the hell that is normal life and have fun for long enough to forget about one's problems, or at least make them bearable. That's what hardcore has always meant to me, and that's what Fight It Out is about, too. The guitars alternate between speedy punk parts and dark, sludgy slow parts that (make your skin) crawl. The drums and bass match the guitars' high end sound with a low end sound, and creates that early 90s hardcore feel. The vocals are a mix of the dancing, pit bull-like varsity dude and the tormented, screaming freak who might remind you of a schizophrenic off his meds and on the streets, telling you about his latest vision. I generally don't get too hot for hardcore like this, but this is one example of the right way to play 90s-style hardcore. I can definitely two-step to this.

Final Assault- **Viiminen... 7" review**



This is the galloping grind of a citizenship abandoned by the pillars of government and society alike- we are on a steep decline, and this is the soundtrack to the narrative. Though the band is heavily influenced by D-beat, they are an anarcho punk band with backgrounds in thrash, crossover, anarcho punk, and UK 82, so don't call them a D-beat band (besides, you'll make the drummer mad). The vocalist is a man in despair, delivering each line of prose with rapidity and outrage. The vocals sound different from those on "Under Boot", but the strength remains. The bass is the sonic assailant here; the low end of the sound is very powerful, the galloping horse carrying the instrumentation along, as the guitar hums along as support for the bass. The drums provide a beat suitable for headbanging, a very off-the-beaten-path attribute for D-beat influenced bands. This band is hopeless in the best possible way- they are the exclamation point on humanity's cry that goes, "We're all fucked!" This band remains one of my favorites to come out of (and continue to play in) Detroit.



SSS (Spit Spewing Snakes), playing at the Halfway House on Sept. 10th



State, playing at the Garden Bowl in Detroit on July 11th

MICHIGAN AREA PUNK/ HARDCORE SHOW

- Oct. 25th The Toasters, St. Thomas Boys Academy, The A-Gang, and Fires in Japan at the Magic Stick in Detroit
- Oct. 25th American Hardcore Tribute Series II w/ Hellmouth, Golden Torso, Old Gods, and Child Bite at Smalls in Hamtramck
- Oct. 26th OFF!, Double Negative, and the Spits at St. Andrew's Hall in Detroit
- Oct. 26th Nuclearhammer, Perversion, Shitfucker, and Reaper at Smalls in Hamtramck
- Oct. 26th Bruxism, Invader, Blood of the Unborn, Young & Heartless, 1876, and American Violence at the Misfit Lab in Fenton
- Oct. 26th The Skatalites at the Magic Stick in Detroit
- Oct. 26th The Flaks, Down Down Down & Comrades at Kelly's Bar (2403 Holbrook St.) in Hamtramck
- Oct. 27th Title Fight, Pianos Become the Teeth, Single Mothers & Face Reality at the Magic Stick in Detroit
- Oct. 27th Cheerleader, Sweat, Nisa Seal, Party Hats, Aaron Gross, and Mercy Beach at 1305 N. Grand Traverse in Flint
- Oct. 27th Halloween Punk Night cover show w/ Public Sex (as Anti-Heroes), Suicide by Cop (as the Sex Pistols), Busby's Death Chair (as unknown), and K9 Sniffies (as Flipper) at Corktown Tavern in Detroit
- Oct. 27th Aaron Gross, Allison Hetter, Aparition, Bubblegum Octopus, Crochetcatpause, Dead Church, Dental Work, Michael Mars & the God Particle, Nikola Whallon, Tell All Your Friends, Trabajabamos, Ultra Death Men, and Watabou at Warehouse 1018 (1018 Canton St.) in Detroit
- Oct. 27th Loose Ties, CbJ, Champions of Breakfast, Statelines & Hyper Lytics at the Flint Local 432 in Flint
- Oct. 30th The Independents, Due North, St. Thomas Boys Academy, the Gutter Ghouls, and the Marshall Cardinals at Corktown Tavern in Detroit
- Oct. 31st Halloween, Devilock (Misfits), Slaves to the Pavement (Green Day), and Scarboni at Woodruff's in Ypsilanti
- November 1st Expire, Bent Life, Freedom, Retribution & Stone Believer at the Launch Board Shop in Ann Arbor
- Nov. 1st The Last Slice, Matt Wixson's Flying Circus, Superdot, Ready Set Reset, and Bowser's Castle at South Hall at Genesis in Royal Oak
- Nov. 2nd We are the Union (record release), Break Anchor & Down Down Down at the B-Side in Ann Arbor
- Nov. 2nd Such Gold, Mixtapes, and Citizen at Mickey Finn's Pub in Toledo
- Nov. 3rd Trial, Great Reversals, Hollow Earth, Retribution, Cloud Rat, and Clockwork at Genesis/South Hall in Royal Oak
- Nov. 3rd Dredd, Snakes, Traitor, and Discycle at 756 Stocking Ave. NW in Grand Rapids
- Nov. 3rd Such Gold, Mixtapes, Citizens, Raindance, Way to Fall, Adaru, Priorities, Charlatan, and Bike Tuff at the Loft in Lansing
- Nov. 3rd The Hookers, Against the Grain, Knife, and Rawdogs at Corktown Tavern in Detroit
- Nov. 4th Andrew Jackson Jihad, Future of the Left, more TBA at the Magic Stick in Detroit
- Nov. 6th The Dewtons, The Isotopes, and Fires in Japan at Corktown Tavern in Detroit
- Nov. 8th Opposition Rising, In Defence, and Break Anchor at the Toepfer House in Warren
- Nov. 9th Brian Posehn at the Machine Shop in Flint
- Nov. 10th Louder Than Bombs at the Garden Bowl in Detroit

Nov. 10th The Swellers, Diamond Youth, Pentimento, one TBA at the Magic Stick in Detroit

Nov. 10th Political Silence (reunion), Drat, Glass Lung, more TBA at the Machine Shop in Flint

Nov. 11th Break (last show), Disconnected, more TBA at Frankie's Inner City in Toledo

Nov. 12th Gallows, Barn Burner, The Armed, and Sawchuk at Smalls in Hamtramck

Nov. 14th Six Feet Under, Cattle Decapitation, Genocya, and All Ends Black at Mac's Bar in Lansing

Nov. 16th Skeletonwitch, Havok, Mutilation Rites, Red Fang, Black Tusk, and Indian Handcrafts at the Magic Stick in Detroit

Nov. 16th Five Iron Frenzy, The Insyderz, and Claslan at the Royal Oak Music Theatre in Royal Oak

Nov. 17th Egos at the Door, The Great Repression, Piece of Mind, and Matt Wixson's Flying Circus at the Turtle Den (1241 Sigsbee Ave. SE) in Grand Rapids

Nov. 17th Gaze, Code Orange Kids, From Hell, and Full of Hell at the Magic Stick Lounge in Detroit

Nov. 17th Explicit Bombers, F.D.A., the Flaks, Axe Ripper, one TBA at Corktown Tavern in Detroit

Nov. 18th Real Friends, Professor, Arrows, possibly more TBA at Frankie's Inner City in Toledo

Nov. 20th We are the Union, El Blanco Diablo, more TBA at Frankie's Inner City in Toledo

Nov. 21st Streetlight Manifesto, Lionize, Hostage Calm & the Chicarones at Clutch Cargo's in Pontiac

Nov. 22nd Cloud Rat, Thedowngoing, Yeung, Water Torture, and Bruxism at the New Grenada Rec Center in Grand Rapids

Nov. 26th Titus Andronicus, Ceremony, more TBA at the Majestic Theatre in Detroit

Nov. 28th The World Inferno Friendship Society, O'Death, more TBA at the Magic Stick in Detroit

Nov. 30th The Misfits cover band, the Convalescence, Bathhouse Betty, Cosmic Throne, Against the Grain, Hence the Wolves, Goltzius, and the Shame Game at Headliner's (4500 N. Detroit Ave) in Toledo

Nov. 30th Traitor (EP release), Tharsis They, Hoodrat (reunion), Pig Champion, Dredd, Steamroller, and SSS at the Bearcave in Detroit

December 1st Weekend Nachos, Homewrecker, React, Dead Church, one TBA at the Launch Board Shop in Ann Arbor

Dec. 1st Punk's for the Kids Toy Drive for Children's Hospital w/ Best Idea Ever!, S.G.S., Fires in Japan, more TBA at Corktown Tavern in Detroit

Dec. 2nd New Found Glory, The Story So Far, and Seahaven at the Magic Stick in Detroit

Dec. 6th Empire of Rats, Hollow Earth, HUMANERROR, Vulgar Display, and Dead Church at the Halfway House in Detroit

Dec. 8th Against the Grain, Aggro or Die, Axe Ripper, Voice of Addiction, and Up For Nothing at the New Dodge Lounge in Hamtramck

Dec. 13th Twitching Tongues, Stone Believer, Boneshaker, Steamroller, and Reverend at Launch Board Shop in Ann Arbor

Dec. 21st The Nothing, Pussy Pirates, Paper Mice, and Suicide by Cop at the Blind Pig in Ann Arbor

Dec. 21st Karmic Lava, BerT, Bullpig, more TBA at Paycheck's Lounge in Hamtramck

January 3rd Greg Bennick spoken word, Axis, Hollow Earth, and Great Reversals at South Hall at Genesis in Royal Oak

Jan. 5th No Regrets, Bitter Thoughts, Ante Up, Vices, Losing Sight, Misery, and Mad Dog at the Port Sheldon Township Hall (16201 Port Sheldon St.) in West Olive

Contact information

E-mail: david@detroitpunk.org

Alternate: auntysocialdri@yahoo.com

Website: www.detroitpunk.org

Snail mail address:

Criminal Behavior Fanzine/ Pirated Records

P.O. Box 1196

Royal Oak, MI 48068

PIRATED
R E C O R D S

**DIS-COURAGE
CREW**



Xibalba/ Alpha & Omega/ Power Trip show at the Launch Board Shop in Ann Arbor